"--HE'S OFF TO ELIMINATE WHAT HE PERCEIVES AS THE GREATEST THREAT TO MANKIND..."
PROVIDENCE. SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.
WHERE'S CABLE?!
HE'S NOT HERE, WILSON--AND YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T BE EITHER!
AND YOU SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO BREAK HANK AARON'S RECORD EITHER, YOU BALCO-BLOATED BABOON!
PRESTER JOHN IS A TIME-TRAVELING WANNABE WORLD CONQUEROR WHO CAME TO PROVIDENCE--LIKE EVERYONE ELSE HERE--TO FIGURE OUT A NEW WAY TO DO THINGS.
CABLE JUSTIFIABLY CAST YOU FROM THIS ISLAND HAVEN FOR THE MURDER OF HAJI BIN BARAT--YOU ARE NOT WANTED HERE!
GOT THAT BEAT, 'CAUSE I'M NOT WANTED ANYWHERE!
NEVER STOPPED ME FROM PEEING ON THE CARPETS!
HE'S A CLOWN. I HATE CLOWNS. SECOND BIGGEST THREAT TO MANKIND.

YOU LOOK LIKE THE CURLY OF THE GROUP--
--SO LET ME MAKE IT SIMPLE FOR YOU--
THUD
--YOU'RE STANDING ON THE EDGE OF A BUILDING. SO... I'LL SEE YOU IN ABOUT TWENTY STORIES!
I DON' MOVE UNLESS I WANT TO...
--YOU ON THE OTHER HAND...
THIS IS REALLY GOING TO HURT AND I REALLY STILL HAVE TO PEE...
SPOIIING!
BRING HIM TO THE MASTER, BUT CRIPPLE HIM FIRST. START WITH HIS JAW...
DON'T SUPPOSE ANY OF YOU COULD JUST FALL ON MY SWORD...?
SENSES TINGLING...

DEAR, DEADPOOL

Nicole sent along a note with the letters: "This month's unintentional theme seems to be letters from the unstable, and thusa who love them. Oh yeah, and women. And psychics."

I'll just let all of you decide who is unstable, who is a lover of the unstable, who is a woman and who is a psychic. I don't care. I just ate forty-seven Big Macs and I am feeling unstable myself. On with your useless blatherings…

Dear Deadpool:

I've never written a letter to a publication like yours, but this time I'm really desperate. You see, my imaginary twin brother Hank, who lives somewhere in the back of my brain, is really giving me the creeps. He… oh wait, now I remember, this is not one of those letters columns where you can get the answer to all of life's problems. Sadly, it is but a comic book letters page, and what's even more frightening, Wade Wilson answers the letters. I mean, how could a guy like Deadpool help anybody with mental problems?

(Oh, come on, bro'! You don't know--he might be able to help.)

No!!! He can't--and you keep out of this, Hank!

Anyway, all I wanted to do, before I got the delusional idea that I was finally looking for help, was to thank the whole *C & DP* team for one of my favorite books every month. I buy up to 50 comics a month, and yours is one of the three or four books I look forward to reading the most.

(Man, this whole sentence doesn't make any sense, you goofball.)

It does too. It's not like English was my first language; unlike you, I'm German, and not some backyard loony out of some swamp in Scotland.

(I am not Scottish.)

Yes, you are and ticklish too. NOW SHUT UP!!!!!

Dieter Nagy

(and Hank, even though I don't really exist)

Okay, does Hank buy 50 copies, too? If so, you're both good in my book and a wonderful shining example of what makes Germany so great today. If not, then I sincerely suggest Dieter take four hundred and seventy two aspirin and call no one in the morning.

Dear Deadpool,

I just wanted to admit that I am the one who ate the last jelly donut.

I know I should have come clean when you asked me in the first place, but I was afraid you would be mad. I'm sorry.

Andrew Kugelstadt

Joke's on you, Andy – I mean, besides how funny your last name is – I don't even like jelly donuts. I like Bavarian Creme. 'Cause they have cream inside. And they're Bavarian. And I looked on a map, and I can't find Bavarius anywhere. I think Dr. Doom wiped it off the face of the Earth. And all we have left as testament to their glorious culture are spongy cream-filled donuts. Fair trade-off.

Dear Cable/Deadpool Team,

I am liking your series. Hopefully Marvel will keep it going for a very, very long time. I was wondering when or if you and Agent X will ever team up again? Also, I ran into Taskmaster in a bar the other day and he says you still owe him three grand and that he thinks you're a dork. Oh, and keep the fun times rolling.

Randy M.

I am liking your letter. Hopefully you will keep writing for a very, very long time. I was wondering when or if you and sanity will ever team up again. Also, I ran into Taskmaster in a bar the other day and I paid him three grand to kill you. Keep the fun times rolling, Randy.

C & DP is the greatest freakin' series ever. Sure it lacks some of the slapstick humor of previous Deadpool comics (and spin-offs), but it has continuously carried a plot that is not only entertaining, but also relevant to today's society.

Recently, a friend of mine was depressed, and we used examples from the comic series to help cheer him up. In fact, I need my monthly dose of Deadpool to keep me sane. I am a Mental Health Advocate on Cape Cod (if you've never been here, don't bother, it isn't worth seeing).

I find that there is a point monthly when I feel as if I am going to crack, and getting my hands on the newest issue featuring the Merc with a Mouth is the best way for me to survive. It actually brings down my stress.

And so with that in mind, I have a few comments.

Seeing how the book lowers my stress, but only monthly, can we PLEASE get a volume of *Essential Deadpool* published!?

Never ever cancel this book, or five puppies somewhere will die (not sure where, I just wanted to say it).

Until the Rat and Weasel have a child of their very own, make mine *Cable & Deadpool*… er, I mean, Marvel. Whatever.

Mike Higgins

Are you the same Mike Higgins who used to work at Marvel? 'Cause you wrote *Spittire and the Troubleshooters*, so that would make the whole mental health/stress thing totally understandable.

I think an *Essential Deadpool* is an essential idea. I'm going to make my point to Quesada and Buckley. And I have the swords to do it, too…

Dear Deadpool:

Please, sir, was the cover to *C & DP* #13 merely a delightful homage in general or based on any movie poster (or pulp magazine cover) in particular?

Did Miss (or Ms.) Merrywaather enjoy dressing up as a scheming temptress?

(That trench coat and fedora became you--please don't let anyone attempt to convince you otherwise.).

Did you point out to Mr. Summers that the late Mr. Barat should have said, 'Maybe not all Westerners have to die in a fiery religious cataclysmic battle' because 'Maybe all Westerners didn't have to...' means that NO Westerners need die? From the context of Mr. Summers' conversation with Miss (or Ms.) Merrywaather, I doubt that the late Mr. Barat's change of heart had progressed that far.

Please don't tell Mr. Summers this, but you're the reason I buy this comic. (On the other hand, do feel free to let Messrs. Nicieza and Zircher know that I very much enjoy their work.)

Ann Nichols [Miss]

See, Ann, I can take a wild guess that you're a chick 'cause you contradicted yourself a million times in one short letter! Complimenting then correcting, passive-aggressive make me wanna…

Can't I ever just find a woman who wants to watch "Sleepless in Seattle" with me while hanging upside down in a leather harness over a bathtub full of Wendy's Chili (fingers optional)?

Do such women even exist anymore?

Nicole interrupts again: "Last month we wanted to know which creative team member our female reader A.J. was cutting out paper hearts for. Today, we reveal the answer!"

Nicole is beginning to annoy me, and yet, I too am curious as to this revelation…

Dear Deadpool,

Apparently, the way to get published on your letters page is to open myself for verbal abuse. I'm okay with this. Unfortunately, I don't really have a brain-dead question to draw your wrath. Sorry 'bout that.

Mostly, I wanted to say that I thought Irene sending you to search the sewer tanks for bullets that wouldn't matter was really funny. So much so, I'm reordering my pathetic budget to figure out whether or not I can squeeze a Mrs. Fields delivery to Nicole, Fabian, and Patrick. Since they're mostly in different areas, probably not. But the intent's there!

Oh, and I wanna ask Nicole to marry me again. Seriously, Nicole? Will you marry me? I give really good foot rubs.

Cookies (maybe) and appreciation of snarky comic joy,

A.J.

If Nicole's boyfriend lets you marry her, I don't ever need to be invited to the wedding, though I demand to videotape the honeymoon.

Oh, and send the cookies to Marvel's offices. Patrick's on the other side of the country, but Fabian and Nicole will surely save him some. Surely.

Nicole interrupts YET AGAIN: "Abridged mail from psychic readers:"

Was wondering if Siryn will be making an appearance in your most excellent comic.

Robert Jackson

Hey, you must be psychic, 'cause red's in the book for a whole bunch of issues right now!

Between my brother and I, we have just about every comic that Cable has appeared in, including as a baby (I know, it's a sickness).

Dan Slezak

Well, you must be psychic, Dan, 'cause I always said Nate was a big baby, and wait 'til you see what's comin' up!

Nicole interrupts again… sigh… "I also want to thank STEVE CHUNG for writing in. His mail is too long and wacky to print, but he picked up the book simply because I asked him to."

Great. We're so desperate for sales we need our editor to wander the streets asking total strangers to buy the book. But it worked… hmm…

Next month: Alternate Cable kicks my butt across an alternate world. In fact, kicks me so hard I end up on another alternate world. And wait 'til you see Cable on that one… and then another… and… I'm gonna spew Big Macs all over the multiverse! Yeehaaa!

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